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# THE POETRY OF WAKAYAMA BOKUSUI

H. H. Honda

On the morning of April 13, 1912 Ishikawa Takuboku died. Bokusui lamenting the young poet's death sings;

The cherries bloom beneath the gloom  
Of pallid early summer skies,  
And oh, how drear they now appear,  
Since death has closed my sick friend's eyes!  
From "Death or Art"

Takuboku was a born poet who could lisp in numbers. Though a silver spoon was not seemingly his fairy's gift, he had another gift. And every verse he wrote came full-fledged from his facile pen. A realist to the backbone, he found little leisure to be romantic.

Now Bokusui, antipodal to Takuboku, was a romanticist by nature. Sometimes he endeavoured to be realistic, as Takuboku had moments to pretend to be romantic. At such times, however, neither was in his element. Takuboku was a hard worker, drank little, and did not travel much. Though circumstances sometimes compelled him to go on a journey, he did not do so for either leisure or pleasure.

On the other hand, Bokusui was a dreamer, an addict to wander lust, something in him ever impelling him to start for the mountains or the sea:

Oh, let us go now, for I yearn  
For mountains I not yet have seen;  
Does not within your bosom lurk  
This pathos rankling in me keen?  
From "Singing Alone"

Here on the mountain heights I go  
Amid the scenes forlorn and bleak,  
Leaving my footprints in the snow  
Of autumn spread upon the peak.  
From "On the Road"

Nowhere, however, could he find a peace for which he yearned. Still the dreamer must go on chasing his rainbow:

If over hill on hill I go  
And stream on stream, shall I one day  
Come to a land where ends my woe?  
So, still forlorn I trudge my way.  
From "Voices of the Sea"

Next to travelling he loved wine. And it is said that when he was drunk he took pleasure in reciting his favourite poems. In his work we find a lot of verses on drinking, revealing both the pleasure and sorrow, the bliss and woe, of a chronic drinker. A few quotations will suffice.

How sweet is wine! Nothing so much  
Soothes me. Of an autumn night  
When my teeth feel its stinging touch,  
In my slow bowls I take delight.  
From "On the Road"

If some one come and ask me why  
For wine I have so great a love,  
What answer shall I give whereby  
This taste of wine I well can prove?  
From "White Plum-Blossoms"

I'm weary now of medicine,  
And only yearn and long for wine;  
And everything forgetting, I  
Now in my cups desire to die.  
From "Singing Alone"

Bokusui came into the world in 1885, the same year in which Takuboku was born. At the age of 20 he went up to Tokyo and entered Waseda University. After graduating from the University, he like Takuboku again worked for some time as a newspaperman. His interest in verse-writing led him to associate with Onoe Saishu, one of the leading poets of his day. He also made friends with a young bard, Yugure Maeda by name. In such an artistic atmosphere he wrote verse after verse, the sweet rhythm of which captivated the hearts of the younger generation of that time.

Although some of his earlier verses are rather sentimental, many are so good that he who reads them will not fail to love them. It is my conviction that the reader will enjoy a sweet flow of rhythm in his poems (though my translations may leave much to be desired), and appreciate the beauty of his poetry arising from his profound knowledge of, and keen insight into, the mysteries of life and art. He died at the age of 44.

The following are my renderings of one hundred of his most well-known poems.

## VOICES OF THE SEA

1       Forlorn the sea appears to me,  
          The mountains likewise so appear:  
      To my head dazed by love and crazed  
          Heaven and earth themselves look drear.

2       'Tis early summer, and the sky  
          How azure, and the leaves how green!  
      And oh, how soft the breezes sigh!  
          Nothing, my love, but is serene.

3       Lonesome the floating swan must be  
      Amidst the cobalt of the sea,  
      Beneath the azure of the sky,  
      As white upon the waves they lie!

4       The night is dark, and it is chill.  
      And the sands, oh, how colder still,  
      As prone I lie upon the shore,  
      Hearing the murky ocean roar!

5       Grudge me no kiss, such pink of bliss!  
          Oh, may the ocean waveless lie,  
      The sun above now cease to move,  
          And yonder birds there flying die!

6       Look at the mountains and the sea:  
      The world is bright, so filled with light.  
      Look up above and down, my love,  
      And give your rosy lips to me!

7        If yonder ocean did love you,  
          And ever chanced to come to woo,  
          I pray, my love, do tell me true,  
          What on earth, then, would you do?

8        Let yonder seagull on the wing,  
          Come down upon this day of spring,  
          And with its pinkish bill for me  
          Peck the cobalt of the sea!

9        A leaf falls, then another one  
          Falls off yonder ancient tree,  
          Which deep in thought appears to be,  
          Now glowing in the setting sun.

10       Covering with silken veil her face,  
          The harvest moon is seen to creep  
          Over the land, the dwelling-place,  
          Of men and women locked in sleep.

11       O Fuji, I apologize:  
          I do not know the reason why,  
          Yet tears keep standing in my eyes,  
          As I see you this eve on high.

12       Oh, why have you, aware my eyes  
          Are filled with painful tears, to keep  
          Talking of sorrow, and to steep  
          My heart in more grief in this wise?

- 13        I hear a bird sing with a tune  
             As of the bubbling of a fountain,  
             Standing amidst the trees this noon, —  
             Pines and cherries of the mountain.
- 14        The lane ends, and I come in view  
             Of distant billows surging blue;  
             Behind me lies the town aglow  
             With cherry-trees hung thick with snow.
- 15        I contemplate the clouds on high,  
             Standing with gathering dusk around,  
             And air-borne from the town near by  
             I hear the evening bells resound.
- 16        If over hill on hill I go  
             And stream on stream, shall I one day  
             Come to a land where ends my woe?  
             So, still forlorn I trudge my way.
- 17        Under the temple tower serene  
             Hemmed in between the mountains green  
             Now on this early summer morn  
             There stands a traveller forlorn.
- 18        No trace is left of spite or spleen;  
             Only love stays and burns within,  
             As on the railing of the inn  
             Now in the gathering dusk I lean.

19           Flow, my tears, now freely flow:  
              The mast here is a screen; and oh,  
              You have the clouds above aglow,  
              And the tide glittering below.

20           O Traveller, never, never think  
              Of making love all for her wink,  
              But pass the *Naniwa* maid by,  
              Ignoring her coquettish eye!

21           The liquor mounting to my head,  
              Only a flower large and red  
              Blowing upon the waitress' sash  
              Unto my drunken eyes did flash.

22           Pray, do not move, my little dove,  
                  But quiet lie in Mother's arm,  
              And sleep now tight, for all is right:  
                  Heaven and earth is free from harm.

23           Although the mountains groan and shake,  
              Making the ocean wail and break,  
              Never fear, for not a hair  
              Shall stir upon your head, I swear.

#### SINGING ALONE

24           Oh, let us go now, for I yearn  
                  For mountains I not yet have seen;  
              Does not within your bosom lurk  
                  This pathos rankling in me keen?

- 25        No trees Mt. Asama can bear,  
            All for its fire, the cause of dearth,  
            And lorn it stands high in the air,  
            Planted upon the dreary earth.
- 26        Is it because my heart is cold  
            That, though the ocean I behold  
            And the sun shining clear and bright,  
            I am blind, senseless of their sight?
- 27        Weary I am of medicine,  
            And only yearn and long for wine;  
            And everything forgetting, I  
            Now in my cups desire to die.
- 28        No poison's worse, they say, than wine  
            To one who must use medicine,  
            But yet, what matters? For above  
            All 'tis the very thing I love.
- 29        Feeling forlorn, I think that each  
            Piece of my poetry and song  
            Is a trace upon life's beach  
            By my feet printed all along.
- 30        Perhaps I'll find the peace of mind  
            If but I breathe the ocean air;  
            Thus yearning for it, to the shore  
            Came I, but ah, 'twas found nowhere.



- 31       A wretched man I have become,  
          Eyeless and earless, also dumb.  
          Gone too, alas, my hand and foot;  
          And am so nondescript a brute.
- 32       Sometimes I lived for love awhile,  
          Sometimes I tried to versify,  
          Only my poor life to beguile  
          With naught whereon I could rely.
- 33       O that I knew a country where  
          Solitude reigns the seasons round,  
          And no man's feet are heard to sound,  
          That I might go to perish there.
- 34       Falling a thousand times in love,  
          Quitting each time, I wonder if  
          The wanton woman can now prove  
          She ever shed a tear in grief.
- 35       Do you not think the end of love  
          Sadder still than the death will prove  
          Of a wild animal of the wood  
          Coming to it in solitude?
- 36       How foolish was I not to see  
          For a long time before my eye  
          Death, the kind mother, all for me  
          Kept waiting calm and on the sly!

37           Grant me, O god, that as austere  
              As mountains stand and oceans lie,  
I too may live from year to year  
              Until I bid the world good-bye.

38           I dreamed a dream, but in the dream  
              No one but strangers did appear,  
And lonely waking the tears gleam  
              I shed and wept for you, my dear.

### PARTING

39           Ahead the hills lie as in sleep,  
And at their foot the drowsy deep,  
As in the dreary land of spring  
Alone I go on travelling.

40           The grove is still, and not a bird  
In the deep solitude is heard,  
As underneath the tree I lie,  
Hearing the autumn lonely sigh.

41           Upon this lovely day of spring  
At this our port not sojourning,  
Oh, why does yonder sailing ship  
Go past the promontory tip?

### ON THE ROAD

42           There lives upon the ocean bed  
A fish without an eye, 'tis said.  
And from my heart I wish to be  
Such a lone creature of the sea.

- 43           Oh, how forlorn it is and drear  
              To live on earth in this my plight!  
I go on groping in the dark  
              Where comes in not a ray of light.
- 44           Alas, I'm six-and-twenty now,  
              And my vocation is not nice,  
For songs I must compose somehow  
              To sell them for my daily rice.
- 45           The autumn flower by my side  
              Says whispering, "How dear to me  
Are things, whate'er they be, that died,  
              Returned to dust, and ceased to be!"
- 46           How sweet is wine! Nothing so much  
              Soothes me. Of an autumn night  
When my teeth feel its stinging touch,  
              In my slow bowls I take delight.
- 47           Over the mountain heights I go  
              Amid the scenes forlorn and bleak,  
Leaving my footprints in the snow  
              Of autumn spread upon the peak.
- 48           O that I could find some one whom  
              I too might love when row on row  
Sweet dandelions deck the sands  
              Where *Tama's* waters gently flow.

- 49       As in the shadow of the hill  
          I sit and contemplate the rill,  
          Pathos I find with me all one,  
          And with the flowing waters run.
- 50       O sad Dog, each and every hair  
          Upon this chilly night and bleak  
          My fingers touch on you, I swear,  
          Is a word whereby you speak.
- 51       I love you like a precious stone,  
          One-*go* Bottle of my own,  
          Of *Masamune*, my stand-by;  
          So, wait until I drink you dry.
- 52       Forlorn would be a fish's doom  
          Had it to live upon a bough;  
          And musing weary in my room,  
          I feel more lonesome than it now.
- 53       How cold the bed I wake up in  
          Every morning! 'Tis to me  
          More dreary than an oozy stone  
          Laid on the bottom of the sea.

#### DEATH OR ART

- 54       The breath of autumn air I hear,  
          And sweeter day by day will grow  
          The *Sake* brewed from ripened ear  
          Of rice raised in this Yamato.

- 55           Waves, waves and waves I contemplate:  
              Waves in the offing, more waves still  
Upon the beach. Oh, let them wait;  
              For I will hasten down the hill.
- 56           I fondly lean against the bole,  
              But oh, the spirit of the tree  
Will not whisper to my soul.  
              How sad and bleak the woods can be!
- 57           To you my gratitude, O Earth!  
              For soft my heart burns at your touch,  
Yet with full vigour in its mirth,  
              Defying any fingers' clutch.
- 58           A raven in the woods I hear,  
              And on the cold trunk of the tree  
I see my lonesome shadows drear,  
              With pathos creeping secretly.
- 59           The cherries bloom beneath the gloom  
              Of pallid early summer skies,  
And oh, how drear they now appear,  
              Since death has closed my sick friend's eyes!
- 60           I've reached a score and ten aright  
With such a feeling as I bite  
A greenish fruit of summertide  
Not without a sense of pride.

61        Musing, I start to ease my thirst:  
          Drinking a *go* of *sake* first,  
          And then another, as the night  
          Comes on the fading summer light.

#### UPPER STREAM

62        This tiny rose that sweetly blows  
          Would not for ever wither if  
          It only grew, and lifeblood drew  
          From this my heart, and from its grief!

66        The lovely rose resplendent blows  
          Because in grief it has to moan,  
          And there is seen behind the green  
          Of sprig and leaf to weep alone.

64        We have a rain today again.  
          And frogs are in great ecstasies;  
          They all are set on getting wet  
          With cherry-blooms above their eyes.

65        With early summer clouds aglow  
          Through the pine grove the breezes sing,  
          As to the temple Seiryō  
          I go in Saga sauntering.

66        Let there be truth in words of mine, —  
          Even their briefest be its sign,  
          As they emerge to play their role  
          From the deep silence of my soul.

## SONGS OF AUTUMN WIND

- 67        For long years were we separate,  
             So do not talk now, pray, but take  
             The cup, and have a toast, my mate,  
             For our old acquaintance sake!

## SANDHILL

- 68        Across the brine Mt. Saw's outline  
             Is drawn in haze; still off the shore  
             The wintry wave to roar and rave  
             Is heard from Long Beach as before.
- 69        Palmfans, rapeflowers, and barley shone  
             They all kept quivering,  
             Lit brightly by the summer sun, --  
             The long day flickering.
- 70        As restful as the sound of dew  
             Heard dripping from the ancient tree,  
             So is the morning wine; and so  
             Is it of such serenity.
- 71        Is that a whirl of wind I see  
             Yonder above the gorge? Oh, nay,  
             'Tis a flock of swallows gay  
             Together flying round in glee.

## SONGS OF MORNING

- 72        The autumn wind is on the wing;  
             And tiny crabs go scampering  
             Which burrow in the sands their hole,  
             And plovers run too as I stroll.

73           Across the autumn sunlit hill  
              With little straggling pines I hear  
The sea-waves laving yonder beach, —  
              The whole day whispering in my ear.

74           The crimson *manjusaka* stands  
Fanned by the fire, aquivering,  
Beside the caldron of sardine.  
And in the sea the bright waves sing.

#### WHITE PLUM-BLOSSOMS

75           In Shinobazu Pond, behold,  
A flock of egrets are down, where  
Now in the morning twilight air  
The lotus flower-leaves unfold.

76           My limbs o'ercome by weariness,  
              I am a man without a role,  
And wandering all but purposeless,  
              I am a thing without a soul.

77           I have no interest in life:  
So tired I am of worldly strife!  
Yet 'tis as strange as strange can be  
That I'm a man of thirty-three.

78           If some one come and ask me why  
              For wine I have so great a love,  
What answer shall I give whereby  
              This taste of wine I well can prove?



### LONELY TREES

79       The rustling sounds, oh, what are these?  
          I look up through the windowpane  
At the leaves wavering in the breeze  
          Like torrents of green-coloured rain.

80       A winecup stands in front of me,  
Wherein a lot of leaves I see  
Mirrored calm and all serene —  
Leaf after leaf of vivid green.

81       How nice and warm! All in my sight  
Is as a mirror clear and bright.  
Now the green foliage has begun  
To rustle in the summer sun.

82       The twilight wraps the earth and me,  
But looking up, above I see  
A single heron on the wing  
In the fresh sunlight glittering.

83       Oh, for a little let me rest,  
Forgetting all things here below,  
And only by myself stand so  
Here by the morning breeze caressed.

### IN THE VALE

84       Upon a cloudless winter day  
          Paulownias look serene and clear;  
And lonesome and all white are they,  
          Standing against the heavens drear.

85        Here on the windy wintry hill  
            The grass is sere, the rocks are bare.  
Below the field lies waste and still;  
            Only a bulbul calls somewhere.

86        The setting sun is shining soft  
            Upon peaks far and near, and all  
The mountains towering aloft  
            Are in the cold mist of the fall.

87        I see the trickling water fall  
            Down the rocks, and brown crabs crawl  
There seemingly themselves to please.  
And hushed the woods of cedar-trees.

#### CLAY

88        The broad leaves of paulownia-tree  
            Relieved against the moonlit skies  
Waver and flicker shiningly,  
            Fanned by the autumn breeze that sighs.

89        Drinking at breakfast I'll give up;  
            No noon shall find me tippling sit.  
But once the night falls, let the cup  
            Be mine to cheer me up a bit!

90        Many are the worldly pleasures  
            I might enjoy, but without wine  
What's the good of all the treasures  
            I may possess, declaring mine?

91        There in the morning of the vale,  
             Beside the stream a wee wagtail  
             Leaping alert I see at play, —  
             Lighter than the torrent spray.

92        Although I know my heart is free  
             As a wild river, poverty  
             Will make it turbid now and then  
             As the soiled water of a fen.

### SONG OF MOUNTAIN CHERRIES

93        Two tiny crabs play on the heap  
             Of pomegranate blossoms red  
             Which are laid on the earth so deep  
             Like a crimson carpet spread.

94        Fair as the fine scales glittering  
             Of trout that shoot the rapids through,  
             So fair the cherry-flowers to view,  
             Decking the mountains in the spring.

95        The bottle stands now sleepily,  
             Leaving its neck on kettle brim,  
             To sleep, it seems, inviting me;  
             So I too for the land of dream.

### THE BLACK PINE

96        O little Children, grow up blithe  
             And healthy, every one of you,  
             And be in heart and body lithe  
             And straight as is the young bamboo!

- 97           Let children, as good children, grow,  
              And never be like monkeys vain  
          That have not wit enough to know  
              From mimicking man to refrain.
- 98           Oh, let me, in my tears, declare  
              What poison could at all there be  
          In this my wine for which I care,  
              And which I drink respectfully!
- 99           How fair and beautiful the tree  
              Growing in sylvan solitude,  
          And oh, how kindly it can be!  
              So is the charcoal from the wood.
- 100          How beautiful the cup whereon  
              The bats flit by the willow green!  
          In indigo the work is done,  
              And oh, the vessel looks serene!

## 原文選歌

### 海 の 声

1. 海哀し山またかなし酔い痴れし恋のひとみにあめつちもなし
2. 風わたる見よ初夏のあを空を青葉がうへをやよ恋人よ
3. 白鳥はかなしからずや空の青海のあをにも染まずただよふ
4. 闇冷えぬいやがうえにも砂冷えぬ渚に臥して黒き海聴く
5. ああ接吻海そのままに日は行かず鳥翔ひながら死せ果てよいま
6. 山を見よ山に日は照る海を見よ海に日は照るいざ唇を君
7. 君かりにかのわだつみに思はれて言ひよられなばいかにしたまふ
8. 春のそら白鳥まへり鶯紅しついでみてみよ海のみどりを
9. 見てあれば一葉先づ落ちまた落ちぬ何おもふとや夕日の大樹
10. 十五夜の月は生絹のかつぎして男をみな寝し国をゆく
11. 富士よゆるせ今宵は何の故もなう涙はてなしなれを仰ぎて
12. 涙もつ腫つぶらに見はりつつ君かなしきをなほ語るかな
13. 水の音に似て啼く鳥よ山ざくら松にまじれる深山の屋を
14. 行きつくせば浪青やかにかにうねりぬ山ざくらなど咲きそめし町
15. われはいま暮れなむとする雲を見る街は夕べの鐘しきりなり
16. 幾山河越えさり行かば寂しさのはてなむ国ぞ今日も旅ゆく
17. はつ夏の山のなかなる古寺の古塔のもとに立てる旅びと
18. ただ恋しうらみ怒りは影もなし暮れて旅籠の欄に倚るとき
19. わが涙いま自由なれや雲は照り潮ひかれる帆柱のかげ
20. 浪華女に恋すまじいぞ旅人よただ見て通れそのながしめを
21. 酔ひはててはただ小をんなの帯に咲く緋の大輪の花のみが見ゆ
22. みじろがでわが手にねむれあめつちになにごともなし何の事なし
23. 山動け海くつがへれ一すぢの君がほつれ毛ゆるがせはせじ

### 独 り 歌 へ る

24. いざ行かむ行きてまだ見ぬ山を見むこのさびしさに君は耐ふるや
25. 火を噴けば浅間の山は樹を生まず茫として立つ青天地に
26. あはれこころ荒みぬればか眼も見えず海を見れども日を仰げども
27. つひにわれ薬に飽きぬ酒こひし身も世もあらず飲みて飲み死なむ
28. やまひには酒こそ一の毒といふその酒ばかり恋しきは無し
29. あめつちにわが残り行くあしあとのひとつづつぞと歌を寂しむ
30. 海に行かばなぐさむべしとひた思ひこがれし海に來は来つれども
31. 耳もなく目なく口なく手足無きあやしきものとなりはてにけり
32. 恋もしき歌もうたひきよるべなきわが生命をば欺かむとて
33. うちたえて人の足音の無かるべき国のあらじや行きて死なまし
34. 千度び恋ひ千度びわかれてかの女けだしや泣きしこと無かるらむ
35. 山奥にひとり獣の死ぬるよりさびしからずや恋の終りは
36. 知らざりきわが眼のまゑに死にといふなつかしき母のとく待てりしを

37. 海山のよこたはるごとくおごそかにわが生くとふを信ぜしめたまへ  
38. ゆめみしはいづれも知らぬ人なりき寝ざめさびしく君に涙す

別 離

39. 山ねむる山のふもとに海ねむるかなしき春の国を旅ゆく  
40. 林には一鳥啼かず木のかげにたふれて秋に身を浸し居り  
41. 春白昼この港に寄りもせず岬を過ぎて行く船のあり

路 上

42. 海底に眼のなき魚の棲むといふ眼の無き魚の恋しかりけり  
43. 光なきいのちのありてあめつちに生くといふことのいかに寂しき  
44. われ二十六歳歌をつくりて飯に代ふ世にもわびしきなりはひをする  
45. かたはらに秋ぐさの花かたるらくほろびしものはなつかしきかな  
46. 白玉の齒にしみとほる秋の夜の酒はしづかに飲むべかりけり  
47. いただきの秋の深雪に足あとをつけつつ山を越ゆるさびしき  
48. 多摩川の砂にたんぽぽ咲くころはわれにもおもふひとのあれかし  
49. 山のかげ水見てあればさびしさがわれの身となりゆく水となり  
50. 指に触るるその毛はすべて言葉なりさびしき犬よかなしきゆふべよ  
51. まさむねの一合瓶のかはゆさは珠にかも似ぬ飲むまで居るべし  
52. わが部屋にわれの居ること木の枝に魚の棲むよりうらさびしけれ  
53. わだつみの底にあを石ゆるるよりさびしからずやわれの寝覚は

死 か 芸 術 か

54. 秋かぜや日本の国の稲の穂の酒のあちはひ日にまさり来れ  
55. 浪、浪、浪、沖に居る浪、岸の浪、やよ待てわれも山降りてゆかむ  
56. 木に倚れどその木のころと我がころ合ふこともなしさびしき森かな  
57. 地よ感謝すなれとし居れば我がころしづかに燃えて指も触れ難し  
58. ただ一羽山に鳥の啼くことも幹にわが影のうつるもさびしや  
59. 初夏の曇りの底に櫻咲き居りおとろへはてて君死ににけり  
60. うす青き夏の木の果を噛むごとくとしの三十路に入るがうれしき  
61. かんがへて飲みはじめたる一合の二合の酒の夏のゆふぐれ

み な か み

62. わが孤独に根を置きぬればこの薔薇の褪する日永久にあらじと思ふ  
63. 薔薇は薔薇の悲しみのために花となり青き枝葉のかげに悩める  
64. けふも雨ふる蛙よろこびしゝぼしゝぼに濡れて櫻も咲きいでにけり  
65. はつ夏の雲は輝き松風吹く嵯峨の清凉寺にけふ詣で来ぬ  
66. 言葉に真実あれ、わがいのちの沈黙より滴りおつる短きことばに

秋 風 の 歌

67. 語らむにあまり久しく別れぬし我等なりけり先づ酒酌まむ

砂 丘

68. 海越えて鋸山はかすめども此処の長浜浪立ちやまず  
69. 棕櫚の葉の菜の花の麦のゆれ光り揺れひかり永きひと日なりけり

70. 時をおき老樹の雫おつるごと静けき酒は朝にこそあれ  
71. あはれこは風の渦かもつばくらめ峡間の空にまひつどひたる

### 朝の歌

72. 白砂に穴堀る小蟹ささ走り千鳥も走り秋の風吹く  
73. 秋日さすまばら小松の丘越しに磯あらふ浪のひねもす聞ゆ  
74. 鯛煮る大釜の火に曼珠沙華あふり揺られつ昼の浪聞ゆ

### 白梅集

75. 蓮ひらくしらじら明けに不忍の池にまひ降るる白鷺のむれ  
76. つまらなさ手足にあふれふらふらとさまよひあるく身體なりけり  
77. わがことのやうにはあらねこれやこの三十三歳になるといふなり  
78. それほどにうまきかと人のとひたらばなんと答へむこの酒の味

### さびしき樹木

79. さやさやにその音ながれつ窓ごしに見上ぐれば青葉滝とそよげり  
80. 置かれたる酒杯のさけにもこまごまと静けき青葉うつりたるかな  
81. あたりみな鏡のごとき明るさに青葉はいまし揺れそめにけり  
82. 比処はなほうす闇ながら朝空を輝きてゆく白鷺一羽  
83. 暫くは世のことぐさを思はずてひとりぞあらむこの朝風に

### 溪谷集

84. 晴れし日は冴えてたふとく曇りては寂びてま白し冬の桐の木  
85. 草枯れて岩あらはれし冬の野の高きに居れば鶉鳥の啼く  
86. をちこちの峰のとがりにうらさむく夕日にほひて秋霞せり  
87. ちろちろと岩つたふ水に這ひあそぶ赤き蟹ゐて杉の山静か

### くろ土

88. 月かげにうかべる桐のひろき葉にかすけき風のありてゆらげる  
89. 朝酒はやめむ昼ざけせんもなしゆふがたばかり少し飲ましめ  
90. 人の世にたのしみ多し然れども酒なしにしてなにのたのしみ  
91. 飛沫よりさらに身かろくとびかひてせき鶉はあそぶ朝の溪間に  
92. ゆく水のとまらぬところ持つといへどをりをりを濁る貧しさのゆゑに

### 山櫻の歌

93. 散りたまる柘榴の花のくれなるをわけてあそべり子蟹がふたつ  
94. 瀬々走るやまめうぐひのうろくづの美しき頃の山ざくら花  
95. 鉄瓶のふちに枕しねむたげに徳利かたむくいざわれも寝む

### 黒松

96. 若竹の伸びゆくごとく子ども等よ真直ぐにのばせ身をたましひを  
97. 子供等は子供らしかれ猿真似の物真似をして大人ぶるなかれ  
98. われはもよ泣きて申さむかしこみて飲むこの酒になにの毒あらむ  
99. 山に生ふる木々はうつくしみな親し焼きて作れるこの炭もまた  
100. 青柳に蝙蝠あそぶ絵模様の藍深きかもこの盃に